

GRANDPA'S DARLING.

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WHAT a pretty picture is this—
 the gray-haired old grand-
 father, nearing the end of his
 life's long journey, and the
 fair child whose little feet
 have taken but a few steps on
 its rugged road.

O child ! O new-born d. nizen
 Of life's great city ! on thy head
 The glory of the morn is shed,
 Like a celestial benison !
 Here at the portal thou dost stand,
 And with thy little hand
 Thou openest the mysterious gate
 Into the future's undiscovered land.
 I see its valves expand,
 As at the touch of Fate !
 Into those realms of love and hate,
 Into that darkness blank and drear,
 By some prophetic feeling taught,
 I launch the bold, adventurous thought,
 Freight'd with hope and fear ;
 As upon subterranean streams,
 In caverns unexplored and dark,
 Men sometimes launch a fragile bark,
 Laden with flickering fire,
 And watch its swift-receding beams,
 Until at length they disappear,
 And in the distant dark expire.

God only knows what shall be the future for each one of us—old or young. Let us therefore, all of us, like little children, put our hands trustfully in His and follow where He leads us, He will bring us safely to the Father's house, the true home of the soul, the everlasting city in the skies.

THE witness before the Court was Mr. Wood. "What is your name?" asked the clerk. "Otiwell Wood," answered the witness. "How do you spell your name?" then asked the somewhat puzzled judge. Mr. Wood replied, "O double T, I double U, E double L, double U, double O D." The astonished judge thought it the most extraordinary name he had ever met with, and, after two or three attempts to record it, gave it up, amid roars of laughter.



A THIEF CAUGHT.

THE boy in the picture was engaged by some sportsmen to go with them and help run after the partridges and quail that they shot. I am sorry to say he was not an honest boy, and when one of the men, while at dinner, hung his coat on a tree, the boy snatched his purse out of the pocket and made off with it. He was rather a foolish boy, for he thought if he climbed into a tree he would not be seen ; but he was soon found and the sportsmen determined to teach him a good lesson. Holding out a blanket by the four corners they told him he must drop into it, and when he refused one of them took an axe and began to cut down the tree. This soon made him fall, when the men caught him in the blanket and tossed him up in the air several times. He promised faithfully that he would never steal again, when they let him off. Boys, never touch what does not belong to you, no matter how small. Remember, "Honesty is the best policy" both for this world and for the world to come.